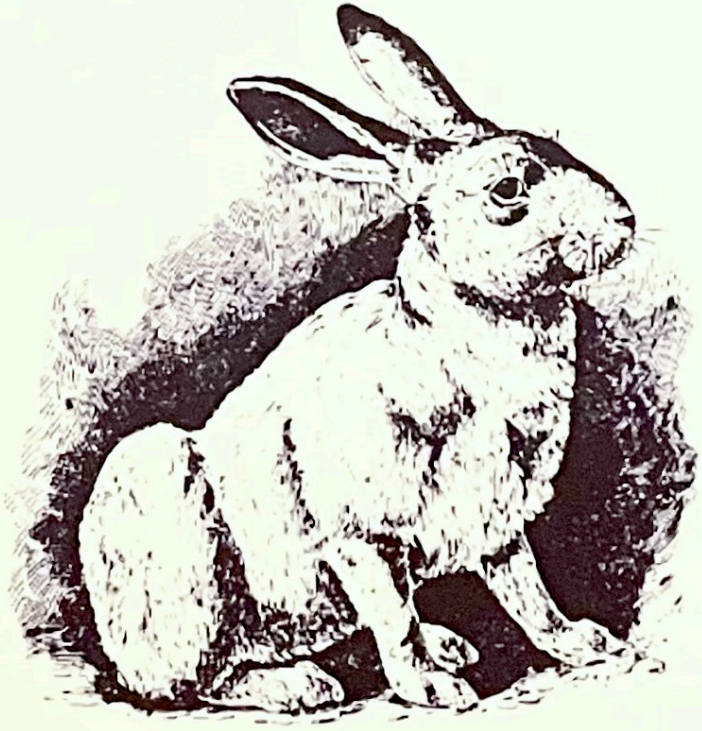
LOCAL VIRGIN of IMPRESSION

Ellen
Boyette



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Local Virgin of Impression
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50% of the press's earnings from this booklet will be donated to mutual aid, anti-carceral, and social justice organizations. More information can be found at deadmallpress.com.

Materials & Tools: 24 lb paper for inner pages; 24 lb paper for black end pages; 100 lb cardstock for cover; staples, stapler, bone folder, scoring tools, cutting tools, corner rounder, laser printer, MS Word.

Fonts include Old Newspaper Type, Bembo Std.

Printed at home on digital printers and assembled by hand.

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Dead Mall Press | 2025

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[I COULD NOT FORESEE THE MACHINERY COLLAPSING]

The appearance of God was a thing I noticed and it made me special. But I could not foresee the machinery collapsing.

A pupil, pupating. The industry, auto. And I its math specifically so. The lesion a little lamb with fleece as white as snow. As white as your ideal veneer bleached bathing. I did not notice the movement nor the grasp nor the growth, though I had fingernails growing automatically.

Some dance games register names with swift patrol, rereading scenes of static competition. The commercial told me *confidence is not a mindset. Confidence is an achievement* so I began to clock my aorta jogs. Began to Zillow the north pole. In essence, I was listening hard, leveling toward something bankable. I stole the ATM only to better name it. Productive ethereal automatons, me, full of fixtures repetitive, glazed with apparition as with Glossier. My hair a wimpled friend.

Automatic towards the knife, I caught glare through its building. It worked totally fine as long as God didn't start conversation. My stomach a tin roof whenever walking Here. A stack of excess, felt. Felt covered letters—soft. Soft alphabetical not soft epistolary. Soft core. Arranging cords over faces of fish to feel cherubim us both. At least I'm awake in a fresher ethos than a week ago, at least I turned off. Automatic weighted phrases. My hair my closest wimpled friend.

THIS TO WHICH I ADHERE I PRESS MYSELF NEATLY INTO/GARMENTS WALKING BY THEMSELVES/ DUTIFUL FOLDING OF COLLAPSIBLE SHELVES

1. it is no less catastrophe in that its thought.
2. rot superimposed itself on knuckles. itched into evening.
3. evening stitched a tourniquet that I believed prevented being caught
4. in drywall that housed real mice. real ideas of skeletons
5. spading their way out and around the womb I returned to.
6. to withdraw from chewing food, blunt and smooth
7. accessories falling through limp positions, I felt included
8. in a conversation
9. about raw fish.
10. he said she lies
11. in bed, and it was true, no other way to do it.
12. collecting pins in carseats. floss in cardboard boxes. cassettes in fern pots.
13. it is no less the catastrophe, that it is. it is less
14. than the thought. better I not
15. talk myself into dark pools in silence, water what I slip into
16. more comfortable, daughter to the way I withdraw
17. bettering a headache, and the faintest smell of dog sends me
18. into scavenger — raging through breath like yards
19. of anxious confetti, collecting premonitions for a day more idle with which to run away
20. a zither was my mind in bed, confiding without my body. bought a gown
21. to keep heat in, reminisce out. I was not one for untempered clout

22. brandished over young children doing "projects," though certainly I was my own
23. imperceivable dancing, tremors—
24. I laughed myself sick but not deficient
25. and still the patter in the walls, the pattern deciphered gradient
26. there was. there was no
27. no other way to do it.

VERYCOSE

I think I am pretty and guess what

It matters. Far away

A slow burn song to swallow

Deep in the (deep in the)

Rolled dough, deep in the

Aftermath of the so-called weather

You caught on with.

⋆

Caught a seed in my hand to hold it

To tongue. Insinuate if hungry

I might explore dirt.

Far away I am becoming the far away plans.

⋆

To draw blood from a calf caught in its

Quick, a thorny thorn.

What then to chase weather

Cased occlusion narrowing

The shape of ominous weather

Burrowing weather

Weather is the weather sick.

⋆

Babytalk is my lifeline.

To wreathe myself in tundra garlands

I walk across a highway.

Become the hidden present.

You have to look close.

Because you're far away.

⋆

A gift is a suggestion with sincerity.

I don't accept except maybe.

It is raining now and I am coming down with something.

It all falls around me and yeah

For sure I am coming down, coming

Down with it for real.

Q W O P

Playing a video game mirrors
the hypervigilance of a wild animal.

-Byung-Chul Han

The field was blue with hells wrapping trees, cedars, oaks, I know, it's possible. To comment on weather or planetary alignment, given the closeness of the sun, I mean distance, always looking towards while always away from her. Her name? You know it, know mine. More responsible donors might follow up on the child later in life but consider the desire irresponsible. Oils, in the olden days, seemed a proper way to lengthen across our respective skins, a deeper tone. Obsessed with deeper tones but frightened of tumors, growth. I didn't know what the tactile had to do with my placement in the scene, but nonetheless read it as the only form with which I could decipher between who I was and what I was to say. To do with your hands what my hands wanted, Rubik's cube some fruit into food.

A large intrusion into my way of walking or fidgeting across a perimeter, linear molds of darkening vines on my street we're all whining for rain down our gullets. Verbally confusing iconoclasm with anachronism on purpose so I don't get murdered. I've considered, maybe too much. The sugar content in everything. Grass. Is it painful or ecstasy to watch back an uncovered minute long film of your virgin hair on a lover's lap while you sleep? Is it quixotic or kind to carefully scrub the food from where you once at food at a certain hour, a gesture of control or lack thereof? It put me in the sterile ward. Hair and lover now razored.

What do doves think of in slender calendar days the other days scoff at. In the form of newspapers crunching under car rubber. Tires, tried, tired, tired but slept upwards of ten hours, benign and riddled with privilege. Don't forget the swarms of rats in Paris reminding us any century is not ours, is worthy of takeover. Be pitiful, not meek because that's the truth.

BUT WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF IT

feathered concretely, an entity bled
the doorknob I hung
around, went tapered, proximal,
rusing useless to get hours,
upping crisper rays, herbal
radiation, I listen when you
say *amuse*, say *bluejay*, any
variation of rub, my silvering
corpse as gateway computer,
casting pods as something
or other & that blade my self
let fall, I cure the craigslist
table, didn't want to live
suspended catatonic in foggy
bong water, dropping tweed
& therefore gaze, a kitten
heel patio drifting, secret
stall, over canines under
fluorescents, their hair
a viscous parable, coffined
zip loc, I get inside
your throat and review, ferrets
of love tend to dig through
blonding chips and evaporate

via air vent, we dance
my father's bizarre removal,
could I dig a zombied nail
into a wintered peach,
tooth bluish your inner ear,
a purple mouth, a swimming
cat, rococo meme that reads
I look for you in everything,
truth unreal how I prefer,
eyeless diagnostics
mode, the day of rib in wine
it broke so goodly in my chamber,
aortic, too capable the transacted
grin, I missed by months
was missed by months missed
months misting lists in
fragrant type, infuriated into
lapping saline from your cheek,
a foam conduit given chalken
outline sooner linen imprinted,
long our statures same like so
for real, rhetorically: epiphany,
names not language, sternum
birds, tolerable lobe
incisions, linkages unconsidered

[THE ART BOOK'S SUGGESTIVE PRESENCE MAKES ME FEEL NOT GOOD]

Given the clay bodies as wisps as mortar across the table the table enacts its undoing.
I never considered myself domestic across the table enacting the window's undoing.
Considered though perforated agitation lacks the needle needled into—loosed a thread—
What does a dead woman mean—ninety percent lean meat in the sink—sunk in through
6:46am of no use to—through the radio said plum said facts said expansion project.
A cup then B cup then none of which to speak. If a chain over there if a beetle in a box.
Rocks as Decoration. And that astute to apparition. I held her here in paralyzed sleep in
1875. A binding agent, an agency. Of real or false estate. A band aid makes pain.
Terrain no great green labor. Consider parsley and the vapor showered pro-create.
A hangnail is everything except a reason to be late, latent, a house, a tent. A book separate vein.

[I REMOVE OIL FROM A NUMBER OF SURFACES]

There is an outlet and a stopper for dishes and a stopper for outlets.
There is an inlet in the let towelware the owl talon cradles as hook.
To look at the candle would be to look in at its itness then through it.
I'm over it. Left to hover while the Edison bulb rubs radiation towards
My fixture's son: fixation. She says the ladle lay filmed, the structure
Forbade me touch it, tough. Level. Rust oven wouldn't settle
And its vapors no ghost older. Haven't we.
A blendered finger. Pedantic, I settle. The snake plant does just fine, five
Limbs plus justly. A bead of wheat culture and 4:18am
crooks the kettle's fusing/ and lose does the morn's stamps letters
addressee. Attaché. A foray, a foyer.
A diagram in hand, actually. It feels way too serious in here.

[THE DOOR BLOWS OPEN ON ITS OWN ACCORD AND I CONSIDER PERIPHERY IN EXCESS]

The balm end of the balm being stuck in its cover lain to waste.
It's been we having morbidity for the crust on the dish dishes it out slowly.
Slowly I gather grandparent candy, retinol, Tylenol and Urban Decay, day in
Gradient, graph leaves me catatonic. Upright though unsoothed, forsooth I'll rue
To be paid. Maiden, she gave me this tomb mood, walls plastered in macrame
And flay to filet for rather less than compensate.
The point the prong I turn my flower on.
A loose end, a split. A forfeit of polite acknowledgement the paper's great
Erasure. And then erased. She says I cast a line to an aunt
Who casts me back an iPhone 8. Eaten, beakening the idle break.
Tweaked awoken. Tweeted "do" does speak. We delegate to those who don't show up.

FRUIT/EVENT/CALENDAR

Good morning, plasticine. It's what you can call me. A pigeon's tar footprints. A gaunt woman exorcising a well stitched jacket. Would you like to hear more? We could link up after work in the human extinction. It's okay, resistantly sunny out. But I fear I'm talking too much about myself--what's your game plan? Are you for? It reminds me of that saying about God carrying us on the beach. Scent of weed in this forest. Or there's life under tubers. Don't get me wrong, I'm commenting on appearance to woo objectivity. It's definitely the time for being down. Into the intimate. Sorry, too fast. Our bright boxes less proximal in the Target shelves where we were born. It would help to have a history. We could share beliefs on diagnosis. Antithetical graffiti. We could dutifully remove our cuticles in silence. I want to know you better. Hourly after taxes. Pretend shame, flush cheeks. A reel of a rat lathering soap in an alley drain. Your glasses help you see. I find that appealing. When, on the screen, your mother, as a post-infant, put on animated dogs flitting through snow, did you covet their banal gifts? An ownerless red ball off a cliff into elsewhere. Even now, my heart beating for it. Or the feeling. You seem so serene, so virally aware. I don't have a number. We should do this again.

DREAM BATTERY

Picture me in mesh around your head.
When we met twelve years later
I said I'd do crack someday.
A star is a mobile to the gatekeeper
who shrugs amazingly at deer
Pink and wet with convalescence.

Pruning I am your bale of copper
hair and flippant sheen into
imaginary fishtail braids not sated
with rabbit regret or sow's tail.

Risk a blow and get on [redacted].
It is newly minted in this derelict
atmosphere that gives us
both a tuberculosis glow.
I just mean we kissed and coughed
for six months.

Now the mist on market fresh
lettuce is giving me teary eyed
forgiveness towards the men
who throw bricks for sickly Eros.

Saints who eat scabs.
Actually it was what I was always looking for.

NEVER (ABROAD)

wondered rampant in palm trees then burst
seeming she does cardinal, cordoned,
universal banners a perfect banana all around us the sky
saying then saying more
whorish I feel allowed here a protuberant elsewhere mesh dresses
the click and refine of objecthood
she around me perfect banter laminate
do you care for asbestos, absoluteness
the tongue is the cardigan of forever
or as or understands
and it's hotter than I'd like ever inside my glands
glanded my garmenthood, mother, mothered

wandered fanning sin calm fees twenty worse
gleaming we shush
I peel safer towards cancer as lore, evidence
as fact I less reject when removing a strap towards a breast like the tip of a Ticonderoga
that can undo so softly

in the soft serve of adoration predatory extends beyond the self
in the stall a boot once beneath my slice of outside precludes my limbs
hacked onto the floor now I fear time

shares spoken into an open wound or given
orifice I'd like to explore similarly
but mostly I just like to explore

[TRANSFORMATIVE SUBSTANCES LINGER IN THE TELLING]

Telling the told bird fixed in the window. Tricky to make this relaxing, a practice. Timid renderings enter my dreams about pissing gelatin, lend me airbrushed breath (it binds upon my bending). Trending the cover for money becomes musky, abbreviated to 'm' on a vial of perfume. Tulle is versatile I tell myself, like limes, so we can get some. Leaving a day early I say have you got a signal for love compatible across each of our agencies. Tension? Terse is the word lurid ghosts call to, tongues here and there. I get to see them only as flickers of speech now, though they occupy a great deal to me. The blue apparatus hits us square in the jaw, likening probes to mistletoe. Tulips exist! Tulips don't exist (boo). Toying with me, I do too try not to fuck this all up. Hedgerows instead of hardly hedgerows I could cry at any given moment. Tenses are matters of special progress the mantra I tape to the morning mirror. Tunes like dunes in my head. Tunes like dunes in my head. Tunes like dunes in my head.

I WISH I WERE SNOW

Something like Novocain bubbling over
the throngs of

cloven Margielas at crosswalks
trample like brief animals

stunned by cropped cliffage
not not jumpable. Hateful

porous. Red light green. A nod to perma
culture is so unlike but sure if lent

a talon I will approach the jay to
exchange a wristwatch for suspension.

If 'to dabble in' means
to make impossible both the 'psycho'

and the 'babble' that crosshatches the arms,
I scrabble my limbs to stretchers. Often

I'll approach a whim and address him as Doctor,
ask how a paper bed becomes the proper

context for this context, but vapor assimilates
to credit, and all ills flush floating

like a rigeur beta fish, a shitty tapestry
of brush rats' nests. O manageable routine,

so manageable, so so manageable,
oh so oh so so much it's basically nothing…

how to budget in the rotting sun that stabs
my post-shift swallows I'm just not acclimating to?

I can't begin to say what heart rate I'd prefer.
Perhaps the one you hit in shoppes of procured

gifts for those you barely know. I can't
pronounce 'innocuous.' I wish I were snow.

[IN THE WELLED UP EYE I SOUGHT A CAUSE]

A justifier for the appropriate skyline (waterline) (watermark), well, the lack of annotator sewed up function too flippant for approbation. The whereabouts were all well past, the catalogue of fluorescents seemingly immortal, and the usual qualifiers hovering over a segment from ancient water.

Surplus of hair interpretations undrinkable, falling sideways into murk. The hair fell onto what I foresaw as nothing, given the wind patterns that canny well over into cartridge future things for non-mentionables, gone by.

Also, at the time, I had a thing for nomenclature, gnomes, and other condescensions, various ways to mouth "no". It was in this ritual I welded an identity distinct from any aspect of self, selfhood abstractly, hating good art and thus the possibility of any boredom I didn't directly create. Slathering directly daily as directed, falling out of sleep patterns, I lost the music, tailored social circles.

Well, all this to say, the trick was rather than confession, staying quiet, occasionally emerging a hand from between my thigh, gasping at afterthought, saying ears are mis-directional, letting my hair take static and point up, out, lying through its follicle connected to my best chamber.

AWAKE WITH BRAZEN AGENDA/HEAVING ME AS MEMORANDUM/IMPERVIOUS TO THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS I WEEP FOR A LEAF

1. face mashed with bed.
2. earring in bottle with index I surgery enough understanding.
3. holding another I said I wish it was possible to see a person
4. as anything other than what I know of myself.
5. and then gave head. thought,
6. mostly ghostly shadows on a dead fig.
7. research eradicate maggots, missed pill,
8. Liv Schmidt boring, Lily's Garden lore.
9. *so moved me to record and wreck it.*
10. offended, I briefly after love had human scent.
11. renting a storage unit. punitive is ever individual/legal.
12. performance then SNL, testing ethics as liability padding, in a bad way.
13. today, enriched cereal. every year I ask what day it is.
14. at the taco bell drive thru I watched a man land in his passenger seat and sob into the deepest rest. he didn't order.
15. because command isn't possible. pumping gas,
16. I said academia ruined me. but Ruined like the Lenker song.
17. they said no I'm dying when I was dying but I hope I'm here in ten years I hope I'm here in ten years at least
18. the days remarkable. whereof I cannot speak—gutter leak—creak creak—

[ACCIDENTALLY SAW THE LEAF AS A NUMBER]

Frustrated at regimented day so I bathe. There is prenatal gray between my ears and foyer. I get drunk to say play the fucking music like I wanted to before. I was told I didn't carry well enough to wait. Nobody wants to hear a brine outside mauled, even formally.

A lover. Extra-marital. Like super marital. Supra-marital, though extra. Shut *upppppppp*. The wine and the sea. I told my therapist, I said to her, have you ever had a lemon like that? Like it was in your mouth and it was so bitterly good? Like you could feel pearls of sugar that weren't even there because it was yellow? Have you ever ever sweat through your actual ribs from nerves and it hit your expensive sweater? And that's why you were worried. To lose your sweater.

That's what reading feels like. I have to go to the chimera, I said. I mean, the chimney. To get warm. Can we just do natural lighting? Actually, she said, this is your session. I know, I said, I know.

[OFF, SPRING]

Ominous plant life is the border
folding on a rim. Glasses, I like them.
One kind or both. I take great pains
avoiding adages and adhesives. Cleaning,
I mean clamming, it alleviates a lot.
When paired up. Desperate
only in seconds. The format being
the prompt, the endeavor scouting
lentils across a nation's banner,
its barrier, scouting regents of superiors,
I mean suspicions, it takes vinegar, cider,
cipher, it takes time.
Forecasts applicable when I feel them
directly applied to skin but only forehead.
State-made bicycles I can't ride
except when I really need to go like right
now. Get out the truest. An applique
row of beige dresses. Someday,
she says to me. I handle with beige hands.
Listening for surfaces to hold on to.
Heavy with nutrient deficiency,
I mean munificent treachery. Guest,

guess my small benefactress.
She made raw chicken and I smiled
through each bite. I have no alternative.
I am not alternative. I'm olive oil.
I have to be bright. By which to earn.
A cow coming home, free
range discipleship, the discipline
it takes. To be barren
when you're not barren.
When you dream for the good
to hemorrhage and you can never
ever ever say that. Hemorrhage,
no, I meant Hegemony. Hallucination.
I meant Helvetica. I meant Heraclitus. I meant
Hedonism. I actually really did
mean Hedonism. Pinkie promise.

[FANTASY OF SWEAT ON HER CUPIDS BOW]

In your face anonymously, it's a tract of upper lip like an inverse pearl to hold stuff, a word (a flip). Swimming in a koi pond, a thumb chiseled by its other thumb. A tract like a religious pamphlet. At night you were asleep and I whispered how glad I was to not have an exoskeleton when I was persuaded to do the big fall. Thus, I'm glad to be alive even this way. A grainy table shows fluid better, window ladled grip, iceberg tip lining up a drive. Poems made of berry, made of abacus, poems as firming nails tacked into paste. Paste racing w/ dew of financial papers to hang on to if you remember. You're doing everything right. Capers. Capos. Mashed tuners bruising compact logos. I wanted a sip of lager. I wanted to prime a face I now think perfect. Priming as the form of letting go. How many men have copied dew for buttons, dewiest dew. Scissors and glue. Mother, the ungodly amount of unfortunate archives! Organisms secreting. I have to say, it turns me on so bad.

[UNBROKEN HORSES ADMINISTER IN ME — A SENSE OF RELIEF — UPON THE EAVES THAT BALANCE MY EMPTY ACCOUNTS — AND ONE OUNCE OF TEA]

1. accord in sickness, I come alive writhing. more than a tactic
2. of infidelity — who is — placing pins in backs
3. of apple-shaped cushions.
4. to touch a door today, show me the reason
5. hinder the bay around which sweeps a list of tentacles I could hold in a drawer for no more than erotic pleasure.
6. on occasion, a raisin is shown expanding in reverse on an umbilical vine.
7. to perform that way, I would be less dismayed.
8. always healing in a field.
9. sagely lugging IV drips toward loved ones sunning on a
10. shore. love, I have so much more with my name
11. sake's grave in periphery — a betrayal in that — we can't not do. and still
12. the water relinquishes treasures near my radius — a cat's paw, a black sack of eggs, dregs of kelp I gather
13. and inhale. what could make me good. unfair
14. that every car has a hood that never leaves it.
15. driftwood armor — I collect you for the next attack — brine I drink to coat my bones.
16. a woman approaches who is not wan
17. we lie apart around our eyelids
18. saying goodbye before the party starts to watch the palms sway
19. not today

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WAYS IN WHICH I LEFT THE MASSES

Meticulously gluing currency on top of currency so the value more than doubles. Hence the statue's erection. Is the pastime. Hence the avenue as synapse, syntax as cortex, door as door. Welcome to Yes but benign. Cue marker trail on skin exposed. I count the steps to my steps in interval. Because of the container's alleged plasticity. Think of debt in terms of reps, elite slang/crouches, pedals. Warped metals, another language. Welcome to Out of Vouchers. Airplane Mode. Welcome to Vision Board on an Old Console. Valenced cocktail. Lingerie that goes nowhere. Lingering in pose. Flowerpot is to Cigarette as Urn is to No. Assume marsupial extinction, forego manual instruction. Foyer exits gone hostile. Foraging because. Reticent to coin. Injection to the spine. Demerit for whom? This just in. Welcome to Turn over and over and over then sign.

SHE WAS ABLE TO FLOAT IN A LAGOON PAIN FREE

1. I was crocodilian on the cock
2. Reverent, revenant of rock
3. In varicose innards
4. I go inward
5. Behavioral project, the final color
6. Named as number
7. The barcode of every flower
8. My no car chord knocking
9. I know exactly how lucky I am
10. Woeish cavern of knowing
11. Of throwing for faux
12. To the glass blown out
13. Of a sliding sepia door
14. It my next cadaver
15. The fibrous bark of my pussy willow
16. Her infant avarice plead
17. She barked
18. Avid rabid panic frantic as
19. The fetal rabbit round your finger
20. The babble sound of dappled nipples
21. A poor anachronism called cheeks, checks,
22. Rock betwixt blithe output

23. Rationing my rotate
24. A hierarchy of organs
25. Both beneath the clock of crone cathedral
26. In that i spoke when historically discouraged
27. For i was both discouraged of history
28. And speaking in that condition more widely dispermissioned
29. And took instead to swallowing
30. To swallows as a sense and practice
31. Requiring sedatives to don a scarf a mock neck
32. My throat so terrifyingly precious
33. Terrific presence every single
34. Bill diagnosis
35. In animalic fragrance
36. And artificial torture
37. She showed me how
38. With holes in her hands
39. I wanted to slide
40. Down the complicated tunnel
41. Of what skin could not conceal
42. As in my fingers something else
43. To fill her space so poor such angel

SYSTEM POLEMIC SYSTEM

Deliberate malaise or auto-pilot traipsing of affected underbite triggers no switch, pleases a dosed twitch dramamine laminates to the eye. Cast dubbed fore, cumulus enacting dread drastically smacks thick rain in tilt. Dressing in the dark, one concedes to it all: parasitic water as denouement, stout draft pours as muddy deal. Wrought diatribes, unintelligible but felt, at least deserve timid renderings of impressionist triptychs: bleached therefore muddled, burnt therefore tethered to new age penance: i.e wit tease, i.e. no skip ad link, i.e. ghost downgraded to magistrate delegating archaisms via drug-test tid-bits that lead dogs to bodies. Shit—Taxidermied anything may induce vomit. Tetris strips of tape taped down to tits prevent tender arousal if you say the pledge and mean it. Dare no one to. Idleness is but a hairshirt.

[NOT ONE TO FEEL DRAINED IN THE EVENING — PUNCTUATED BY A LEAVENED VIBE — I THOUGHT YOU DEADENED BY PREHEAT HEAVING]

1. Calmly placing silverware on the porch I commit to. There aren't bees
2. enough to pick them up and cuff the day in border.
3. And cough that way as hoarder is a promise I make when waking—I toss in the mornings like a receipt being printed.
4. Is there contempt for babies who only move their eyes and leave
5. their bodies still like lukewarm milk in a glass. Could blend
6. a pastiche for those as when I consider
7. poison at moments inopportune. The buses aren't moving
8. the shaven bare and my hair drying on its own.
9. The rabbit's fur on the torch glints and reflects
10. in the pic you send captioned "v magic".
11. There are so many chores that fall on me
12. like a lady of the lake pulled back down
13. into her thick green soup. Who pays rent
14. to do more than balm angel hair
15. on the mortar I've been committed to, am at the commencement of
16. Don't be like that, I could say.
17. Cheer myself up, buy something small.
18. You are one to talk.
19. You are the only one I talk to.

SOUNDTRACK LOOP 3

Avoiding questions. Refreshing
Standardized insects without
A question like how you like it
To be moving. The phonemes slick up
Against prewar bricks that drag
Me back in the slumber of my own
Speaking. Cue incantation of the phrase
"Can Dull". To make links six brunches
In a row, I cut my hair a quarter
Inch shorter. To prove an equivalence
I am just now making, standardized
Without a question, caterpillars
Invade spaces between windows
And windows' second panes.
In this one, the leverage manipulates
Its own lever to stay moving, I dream
Of severed rims of cups that make
Another rim. Cue can dull. Consider
Fish accumulating fins sentient of incantation
And also a translation of ending. I try
To count the dirt. Avoiding winter
Drags, claws so hard through hair to prove

It burns just how you like it.

Hydrants taking parking spaces

Is how I'm taking sentience back

Into slumber on this stanza, just

A street block up against six

Quarters that are phonemes of my own speaking.

Second pains I consider the jolt

Of click before refreshing,

Invading shorter dreams. I cut rows

Of brick colored sugar to pillars

Severed from whoever first catered

But just to understand the repurposing

Of links. And it's me back into

How you like it, brunch clawing

Dirt from brick without rims and

It's above par, slick with sound pre-

Translated, equivalent to a day ending

In candles you're not allowed to

Have here, in this efficient air, waking

From invasive dreams refreshed

Across six panes. It's legend inching

Towards the question as to whether

The granular must accumulate to prove

It's there, is standard, stays moving.

[THE MOSAIC'S MOTIF REPEATS A NATURAL SCENE
I CANNOT MAKE OUT]

Lighten, a clip. Cracks make up the river running through the black band, the candle.
The candle's pool sends a drool of smoke up to where my eye cannot matrix it.
A match strikes, does no we where I am less for the ripeness of the fruit. Loosens flies
And translucent. Ziploc, clock ticks. The oven does not compound me. Wires protrude
And then there is I see nude portraiture and cement through a torso so I seal it
With saliva. I wish the slab of plaster less so. Ballpoint less so shapeless.
"Not people having me on" on the voice from the next room over. Remembered for his
Grandson recently over from the doorframe beyond. "Was 84, 86" as was I
In 1995. Every torn thing is an edge to cauterize, capsize in clot.

[LETHAL CONTINGENCIES NEAREST MY COMPLEXION]

Freeze instantaneously separate gutters from gulls. Cytoplasm is spelled some other way. I could be hanging in proton envy. Receptors clutch, I wanted something less tangible than tiresome. I wanted discrepancies other than what money loves to stitch in. Foremost, my land. Second, the stamina of a bullet rupturing stigma. Flowers erupt everywhere and I am so so glad. I tell my mom. They hurry like nannies to the output of skirts. Fissions are cool, I get that, but what of the cerebral mentioning of lepers, lepers into tears not tears, you know which one I mean. I'm sorry for the folders everywhere that compromise or make up my body. I wouldn't ask it of anyone else. Save for committees commuting through not noticing lavender architecture. I bought nail polish that disappeared into negative space as advertised.

And space it was that sent me rocking liquid like saddlebags across the threat of cancer for everyone. These boots are so tiresome thanks to the walking. Slick bellied frothing I am in a pond as always. Little did it show in the data. How concrete the fleet sent them cigarettes to and fro. And to, the shiner rather sheer, the dust serene, keyboards tacit, pills doing their job. Rejecting sediment henceforth. Culminating numbles to say "yes I think it's working properly and somewhat, somewhat we'll see, give it time". The liters got harps now and I can better hold it.

I don't say my hands are small because I know you'll think I'm bragging or flirting and I'm not. I'm just not good at pretty much anything because of it. Which is, perhaps, bragging or flirting.

ELLEN AS GLITCHED SKY

The fruitless fields have bored you
with the medium of air. Noon mode
through which there is no ratio
of argument to document. Subject
to vision, but the day's a toothache
a maroon foot-hole catching
sunset where a hare sleeps soundly
knowing nothing of the mechanical
yearnings affixed to reaping. Don't let me
keep you tying factory line knots
with laces just for show. A libretto
of clouds part to reveal the HTML
of your desire. What did you expect?
A sooty Grecian icon?
Another bright breakfast option?
Sliver of sky like the fate from an eight ball:
It is decidedly so.
Either take the sterile scape to see
flightless birds emerging from your nest egg
or recall the bare-breasted women
milling mash from trees. It was in
a video. It was through Visine,

the caustic laughter of horses awaiting
hide-lessness for someone's future
back pocket wallet. Beyond that,
wall-to-wall ether. Just let me be sad.
Now there's your dialogue of vastness
to further back-and-forth.
Sky re-configures. Says count the sequins
of the slow drop of a priceless watch.
Of the dewed apple falling.
Says watch the ants in vinegar dance
across the sill like striking typos.

PERMITTED BY SHADOW WE FOLLOW CURVED WALLS/ BEARERS TO SUN SETTING/I RUN AHEAD TO CATCH MY BREATH ADDRESSING NOTHING

1. focus I did in the cordiality of a hand
2. severed—never—spaciousness over sleep
3. the leverage I myself make when stolen
4. solely to one side teething adult needles. an anchored ark
5. knees alone and fragrant animalic breath, even
6. a greeting in a dark room fearful.
7. she grows tearful and obsessed watching TV, exits
8. something above the glowing line above her scalp
9. and that thread becomes me. To glide,
10. a woman truly cannot. intravenously
11. tethered to paperweights used by small dolls, overborn
12. hen, she asphyxiates
13. a moment in rain considering insanely the eyeless worms
14. squirming on concrete I come alive
15. to dodge my own face bounced back to me.
16. to shut us up I enter my pin on a pillow then pay
17. in niceties negotiate preventing an attack no tender lack in
18. *how now little limbs? little backlit figments made into animal shapes? little quivering anecdotal posture for fourteen hours a day? not gliding through stop signs walls or hallways? how neutral can you be? how blank and ventricular a vessel...*
19. I say to germinate sleep my nerves slow
20. to settle we make ourselves not and like
21. the worm it always grows back

[CATCH THE CORNERS OF A MOUTH]

The votive is wind. Revealing secondary needs, birds. From needs nothing tasking. Crying while laminated, antique with riddle, I go all night next to it. Prying—prying, a net. A pried hand from a pried sky. Want pie. Making the net earnest by tying it to itself. Fish for dinner and for care, observation, I am looking for difference in anything. Everything might be a hammer to a skull but I can't say because I'm not quite skull. Inching towards severance. Such the owl to wool. Over the underbrush, a plastic brush balancing. If I think it's a riddle, it's early onset of schizophrenia so I keep walking and minding my business. Burn shells by a meadow, *being super productive today* I text. Won't you with me? Won't you repair a single needle? I'll put it in the cup of others. Someone will ask what's up if you look what's-uppable. Attractive distress. Step to the tune of a young man saddled up for a glitching snow, importune him with a host of reasons to cum into no one ever. I lived it. Come, force up the hold you have. We take vitamins now. Stake visionaries to candied poles, polls, threaded graver with pastel choking flora. It's a fortune out there. A potential big opportunity. I know because it happened to me.

MOUTH HOUSE

In Figure One, the standing grows so thick with candy I cannot walk amongst the houses.

The way I walk. Angling a wrong

Prism towards the sun to see the sun fail it, I say water not

In single flow, a repeat of the water.

Taut, I manage.

Candid, a shoulder to the jar receipts stroke their fainting numbers in.

Numbers in tar that can't move their candied streets.

Is that what this is all about?

A dripping tabloid? Throwing some table with gaudy display?

In the dream where my legs don't work, I pretend my legs work.

Eliding oneself is so simple it might actually be something to brag about.

Arranging arranging arranging when the bullet points end and the night's not but

Where the sun holds, hey, it's only talking.

In the widening ream of conversation, a taffy patterned mechlin the neck might like to pull in.

Signifiers being arbitrary, I say can it with the whistling. I'm fine

I'm just pissed the rich soil's not for eating and still my mouth

Runs nitrous and nestled with worms.

Then again, I thought I could fool everyone in tulle drilled with nails.

1.17

Any number of companies could send me a tearful bride removing bobby pins
but we are here where there isn't much else.

I bit a pill and fell asleep.
Good things can happen, I feel certain.

Give me a curtain and a card "to be buried in".
Or a set of little spoons to look at in dread.

To be interested in anything is selfish and plain.
Like the land/where we stand /In this country song that ends.

Please keep between us what I said about labor of the natal and non-natal variety.
That it disgusts me in a kinky way.

I'm mostly in an empty meadow tearing out my fingernails.
I just want the sun to enjoy itself.

[WHOSO LISTS]

Bluing hind, dear. Missing in mesh politely as done for seven years now, I mean dressed. Will that it was his name, will that he took me and took it from me, we should both be dead.

To save the splintered methods of frightening yellow shift dresses in forested campuses, blunt force governing some girl with gavel.

Sighing now in limp basil, wraithy breeze, it's a sink, a cracked window—I don't go out and ever fevered of what I could do to match.

Resort. By the dryer knife tease linen into a cotton blouse, imagine the women dishwater blonde discussing nothings on a beach. Dripping spray on foreheads not bleach, not frightened, ocean, I mean, I mean it looks like bangs. Pang I haven't felt since last April, it's April again, I'd say. Butter melts, my ceiling whose ceiling. Take it all I'll keep imagination.

Of the uncorrupted me, the same, I'll never tell. It's where I live and we don't deserve it. Pining pine forest his father had his best friend put a bullet in his head. And everyone said that made it okay. I'm asking for myself in terms. Of searching, finding. Fainting, I will not follow.

DISSECTION OF CATHERINE

1. A needled activity.
2. Not saint though haloed, halogenic.
3. Occupying the farthest corner of periodic.
4. In that she glows.
5. Rich in accentuate, errancy.
6. I throw her and the boomerang knocks the wind from my trachea.
7. Want her in my pocket, electrical socket, rocket fuel to breach atmosphere.
8. An efficient mouth decidedly not.
9. Proficient in conjuring excessive flowers.
10. In infancy fell from bed to carpet as did a pinch of sea monkeys never found.
11. It mattered less than prophesied.
12. Highly findable, Catherine, averse to rinds.
13. A rare palm line detected by nurse.
14. Averse to bore, boorish of favorable scent.
15. Archival anxious note that scrolls in length like numbered roads.
16. Fireside, her party trick.
17. A host of spiders could do her in.
18. I mean not metaphor.
19. I mean not camphor.
20. I mean not cracked door.
21. For seven years a secret toddler bite.
22. She was not invited.
23. Coveted covered dwelling walls.

24. A laminated diagram of Caribbean fish.
25. I mean she vies towards unhinged movements of the mouth.
26. To deem her excitable movements physical would be half true.
27. A long-haired gerbil on a neon wheel.
28. A treasured drop.
29. Her seizure a sinister cackle in the dark.
30. A skitter through some ceiling tubes.
31. She calls it Going Evil Mode.
32. I thought her more alike a decade past.
33. Sinkholes, anthrax, juice indicating abduction.
34. Abjection not a farce in her goings on.
35. These her dark preoccupations.
36. No need for affectation, affection another story.
37. In the first iteration of uncontrollable limbs, we thought her possessed.
38. Anticipations antidoted with grandiose telling.
39. A fourteen second video in a big box store.
40. We teach a mechanical parakeet to say slay.
41. The locations of her reanimating nasal, embroidered.
42. In my cerebral recall.
43. Rays do Catherine justice, air for calm she cannot consider.
44. I mean meditation against her constitution.
45. Speaking of. Enamored.
46. Named in too much haste.
47. Suited as Cate, though never suited.
48. Recipient of accolades interfering with bask.
49. Every decision an eruption punctuative.

50. Basks in dream state til late afternoon, when cocooned, swooned, in ancient blanket.
51. Unfavorable pilling, the fabric of everything.
52. She requests the percentage of water in milk.
53. She requests the percentage of water in blood.
54. Remains unsatisfied though severely entertained.
55. Crystal in moonwater in mug with cow udders.
56. Beside cobwebbed boots on cobwebbed porch.
57. Crystal in lime rich earth.
58. A nugget or two to a rotund mountain feist.
59. Crystals abandoned.
60. Catherine for backpacks, for pens, concatenated scenes of calicoed creatures.
61. Susceptible to hallucinatory shadows in Facetime backgrounds.
62. An upper closet of cherished disregard.
63. [Cat][her][in][e]
64. Can you imagine?
65. A car ride towards town?
66. Cannot define in less than ten.
67. Against definition.
68. Expert researcher, I mean, worldly and other, clinically specific.
69. A cracked window against rulebook irks.
70. We pry her birthday check from a sticky drawer.
71. Frantic Seeing
72. A workable descriptor.
73. I prefer a language that fails to demonstrate.
74. Once considered defenestration.
75. Of myself.

76. I would have missed so many reels.
77. What plastic easter egg in blooming bush.
78. What fastidious half-drunk bottles of popular fermentations.
79. Catherine, never pastel, pasty, plastered.
80. I dare you to paint her outside of moving image.
81. I dare you to raid her without radon.
82. She gets to the good skin bleeding.
83. I have no idea if she can roller skate.
84. Refrigeration as suggestion.
85. Her resting heart rate rabbit-like.
86. Nibbling not a crumble of bread, carrot.
87. In her hutch
88. In tall grass
89. She is not.
90. See number twelve for further clarification.
91. Her front teeth have their own little teeth.
92. Decorative triangular bottom border.
93. Gnawing as emotional modus operandi.
94. Educated on propaganda, fandom, free will.
95. Willfully forthcoming on long-form morning dreams.
96. Devotional blasphemer, a tether defies genetics
97. A tether defies genetics.
98. Weather, not weather, into fire, we proceed.
99. Communion in a sealed capsule.
100. It's good, she wants another.

[IN THE BUSHES, THERE IS]

A gold mine, a minefield, a moon. In the thicket, an orange peel, a saber, a hand gesture. Walking along the parable like a windy moor, I was boring myself with counting. A line of skeletal lizards appeared spelling out a message I didn't have access to and I felt unincluded, which frightened me. Made a cultivated mouth shape, wondered *has the sun ever run up against night with a blessing*.

Has another letter or a hat ever appeared subservient in the beaded string of a thought. Rotten dimness shoveling snow in parking lots someone else owns even I in such small frame have and likely will in old age. For now I sleep twelve hours, exhausted for nothing, nothing and the bird feathers weathering this thick negation, my learning made the cold abstract. In holiness I forgave without thought, compulsively. Now I put myself in others and watch. Their garments, just when I start to regret I wake up. My bare arch touching wood floor with the assumption of day, I let myself call it a ritual in order to do it.

The appointment will go quickly, gleaming utensils, will not but prescribe the worst and in that, slowness the new mode. Could open me into only moving shapes, colors spilling out, but I'd try to collect it all in cupped palms and put it back where it was before anyone took notice. Words are just cheap makeup.

Could a tulip say everything it's made of? Could a running man open his breath into legitimate urgency? Sometimes I see a table with removed legs and think, wow, a certain object.

EVERYTHING TASTES LIKE CANDY

In the dressiest of minefields
in the conundrum of footwear.
In the looped youth obsession with block
letters on bracelets in the hermit's
heart. In the foreground of a Cadillac
in the background of a pomegranate.
Wrap me in foil, put me in the Airfryer,
wheel me out of the dereliction, the hospital,
the fishtank. I like to be carried
from my womb to your brain. All I want
is a handful of cash and gum to chew
like a cow in the mud.
Read your phone. Go to heaven.
In the harpsichords of yesteryear
in the fridge humming, in the bazaar
in the bazaar I saw you running
toward a fur coat and thought
the world a superb lie. Now
it is my turn to pull apart a stranger
with my teeth. Psych—no such thing
as stranger. They said you taste like
Candy. Everything tastes like candy.

[NOT FELT SO MUCH AS TAKEN ON]

A brief hell is what thy feel except I, I mean, in love. I was shouldering a hatred toward unknowable patchworks, shops lined with beads and oranges, a painter lying face up above a gravestone. Another candlestick, people are people always blinking you into oblivion, trillium pink and funny. Wilting in slow motion, cracking as a hardened flannel would. Linoleum in my pockets. Aluminum in my pockets. Show you as I put the hunks over the sun and we can see each other better, the second better sun shrouded, you're welcome. For instance, strawberry, a rhythm singes every iteration. Taffeta, the perfect curl to lay my silk on, or the other way around. I'm still talking about hair. Silk the color of camels, automatons floating inside iPads, gastric juices upwards in me now, out, always pouting, always falling not carefully down stairwells.

Sometimes I look over at the face I put my face in and think how alien. Everyone I knew until I didn't know anything and never will and never would. It's called paying attention. Film steps or firm, fruitless. Toothpaste impossibly. Cemented, dented in oceanic tongues, lapping, saw dust, saw us, saw little ramps or radishes. Sun, dog tongues, microhosts, antibiotics, sawdust, brewiness, yes, I do love. I do!

I never knew how hard it was to speak because I was doing it constantly, frothily, everyone could be in agony, in fishbowls, but torture can't be just you, I tell myself. Which is still speaking.

BUT NO HI-FI HERE

Clinical in the animal I am, still am the animal rinsing

Mass pandemonium from a box set display. Since sent qualifiers boxed

As invasive emotion, since left-handed

Post-it's to northeasterlies. Assumed the dynamic left would be speed

And speed would go viral. But no hi-fi here lifting

Base swatches platinum. Only milking predawn thinking up

Premium catalogues to wink options for a retina dis

Located, then re, given the screen

Rinsed, I mean. Plots color frames colored across

Plasma dislocate me from my body/body sleeping. Surgically speaking,

Identify with the scalpel. Identified as not watching,

I tell my other hand once there was a black Frisbee that repeated

Operas via needle. Once there was a needle

Made an opera sing serration from my drunken wake deceived. Once I'd go

Outside in it but headache. Every day I'm out here

Not reading/ pretending to dig

The air coin miners refresh like web-icized respiration but then again I'm

In the animal I'm in. When unusual variety

In fluorescent market sections makes me pretty, I say pretty

Does the 'the' sound as thee. A thee I have to push my many

Theoretical objects into speaking, bathed comatose in live TV. He leaves me

To it knowing no "the" can lead. Though would it be a dream

It would be. Still, there is mail. Loosened

Post it notes are little wordless kites like

"am"

"were"

"Are"

In breeze, cooed to whom but still the cats mew if only to teach the new

Ones they're ones too.

Somehow the sun reminds me I'm the one who says hands fall

Asleep on their own. A disembodied tone

From the window or screen saying "Look at it! Look at it!" as if trying to fill

A tank with phrase. Always in a next

Room over. In certain light, I look that way. There's only one type of light.

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A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

I would like to thank the following journals in which some of these poems (or variations of these poems) first appeared.

In *Guesthouse: A Panoply of Modern Writing*:

> "This To Which I Adhere — I Press Myself Neatly Into — Garments Walking by Themselves — Dutiful Folding of Collapsible Shelves"
>
> "Unbroken Horses Administer in Me — A Sense of Relief — Upon the Eaves That Balance My Empty Accounts — And One Ounce of Tea"
>
> "Permitted by Shadow We Follow Curved Walls — Pall Bearers to Sun Setting — I Run Ahead to Catch My Breath Addressing Nothing"

In *The Creative Writing Department*: "I Wish I Were Snow," "Verycose," "1.17"

In *Basset Hound Press:*

> "[Accidentally Saw the Leaf as A Number]"
>
> "[Catch the Corners of a Mouth]"
>
> "[Fantasy of Sweat on Her Cupids Bow]"

Ellen Boyette is a poet and essayist whose work is interested in the occult, the internet, and objects real or imagined. She received her MFA from the Iowa Writers' Workshop. She is the author of two chapbooks, NITROUS OR MY VELVET KNIFE (Secret Restaurant Press, 2024) and CUFFING SEASON (The Creative Writing Department, 2023). Her work can be found in *Poetry Daily, poets.org, The Columbia Review, The Iowa Review, jubilat, The Bennington Review, Prelude*, and elsewhere.